

of Henrie the fourth.

That were his lackies, I cried hum, and wel go to,
But mark him not a word. O he is as tedious
As a tyred horse, a railing wife,
Worse then a smoky house. I had rather liue
With cheese and garlike in a Windmil far,
Then feed on cates and haue him talke to me,
In any summer house in Christendome.

Mor. In faith he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read and profited
In strange concealements, valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountifull
As mines of India, shal I tell you coosen,
He holds your temper in a high respect
And curbs himselfe euen of his natural scope,
When you come crosse his humor, faith he does,
I warrant you that man is not aliue
Might so haue tempted him as you haue done,
Without the tast of danger and reproofe,
But do not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith my Lord you are too wilfull blame,
And since your comming hither haue done enough
To put him quite besides his patience,
You must needs learne Lord to amend this fault,
Though sometimes it shew greatnes, courage, bloud,
And thats the dearest grace it renders you,
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of maners, want of gouernment,
Pride, haughtinesse, opinion, and disdain,
The least of which hanging a noble man,
Looseth mens harts and leaues behind a staine
Vpon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Wel I am schoold good maners be your speed,
Here come our wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.

Glen. My daughter weepes, sheele not part with you,

Sheele

of Henrie the fourth.

Sheele be a souldior to, sheele to the v

Mor. Good father tell her, that she
Shal follow in your conduct speedily

Glendower speakes to her in Welsh
him in the same

Glen. She is desperate here,
A peccunih selfewild harlotrie, one th
good vpon.

The Ladie speakes in

Mor. I vnderstand thy lookes, th
Which thou powrest downe from th
I am too perfect in, and but for sham
In such a parley should I answer the

The Ladie againe in welsh

Mor. I vnderstand thy kisses, an
And thats a feeling disputation,
But I will neuer be a truant loue,
Till I haue learnt thy language, for th
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties high
Sung by a faire Queene in a summer
With rauishing diuision to her Lute.

Glen. Nay, if you melt, then will I

The Ladie speakes againe

Mor. O I am ignorance it selfe in t
Glen. She bids you on the wanton
And rest your gentle head vpon her
And she will sing the song that pleas
And on your eyelids crowne the Go
Charming your bloud with pleasing
Making such difference twixt wake
As is the difference betwixt day and
The houre before the heauenly har
Begins his golden progresse in the e

M r. With all my heart ile sit and
By that time will our booke I thinke

Glen. Do so, & those musitions tha
Hang in the aire a thousand leagues
And straight they shal be here, sit an

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